Everything Is Not What It Seems by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Based on the quote: “Nice shirt, it looked better yesterday.” Aka Nancy has to be an adult and take care of Mike for the summer and he’s pissed.

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Author's Note:

> This is super angsty and mike is a total dick as most younger brothers are. This is a happy ending with protective boyfriends but there's just drama and there's warnings and spoilers at the end, comment and kudos! Y'all know I think the Wheelers have had a hard life, especially Nancy, so that is reflected in this. Mike also struggles but there is a happy ending.
> But also please take care of yourselves and watch the tags.
> Xx
> T
> Prompts on tumblr: Mickey-mousemilkovich

Mike doesn't hate Nancy all the time. Or even half the time. Like all of in all she's pretty cool. Way better than they're parents. She never tells their parents when he sneaks out. Just like he never tells them when she sneaks people in. She'll order pizza at two am and share it with them, they'll lounge on her bed watching Full House reruns and he absolutely will not comment on the scent of weed wafting off her, and she never comments when it coming from him.

So he's excited for this summer. His parents and Holly are going to Arizona to take care of his grandparents and him and Nancy have the house to themselves. It's the summer before he starts high school and the summer before Nancy starts college and they're ready to be wild.

Well Mike is. He's ready to have his girlfriend El over every night, and party with the guys. To smoke weed at the drive in and make out. To spend too much money bowling. Convince Steve to buy them beer. To have bonfires out at Will's. It's gonna be an amazing summer.

That thought is quickly cut off when a week into summer vacation, he'd needed a week to not shower and play video games all night and drink too much Mountain Dew before he invited El over, but finally, he did.

It was the middle of the day and Nancy was on the couch in a bralette and shorts, fan positioned on her, because while it was hot, it wasn't hot enough to turn on the air yet, watching soap operas. Jonathan was on a week long camping trip and Steve was still at work, so she was at home, probably working off her hangover from the night before when El rings the doorbell.

She looks adorable, her short hair up in little buns, face bare of all makeup, freckles showing, wearing jean shorts and a blue cotton tank top. Mike leans in to give her a soft kiss.

"Hi," she says smiling.

"Hey," he says, arms around her waist.

She kicks off her flip flops and looks over at Nancy,
"Hey Nance!"

"Hey El. What are your plans today?"

Mike shrugs,
"Nothing, I just figured that we'd watch a movie in my room."

"Sounds good. Door stays open though," Nancy says turning back to the tv.

"What?!" Mike demands.

"You heard me."

He of course doesn't listen, leads El up to his room and quietly closes the door. They flop on the bed and turn on the Netflix queue.

He didn't expect Nancy to pull a Karen so he's utterly shocked when she yanks open the door while they're making out. El lets out a shriek and shoves Mike off of her so hard he has to catch himself before he rolls off the bed,

"What the fuck Nancy?!" He hollers.

"What the fuck Mike?! I told you to keep the door open!"

Mike rolls his eyes,
“I didn’t think you of all people were seriously lecturing me!”

She puts a hand on her hip, and tries to look stern, but really she just looks like a hot ass mess and hungover and half dressed, which she is! And she’s trying to lecture him!

“Mike. I’m in charge while mom and dad are gone. I cannot have you..” She waves a hand between them, “in the house.”

“But you can?” Mike demands angrily.

“I’m an adult! And I do not do anything in this house!”

“You haven’t? All those late night study sessions,”

“Shut up! The point is, I’m your older sister and I’m telling you to keep this god damn door open.”

Mike slides off the bed and storms over to the door, pushing Nancy out of the room,

“I’m telling you not to tell me what the do!” And he slams the door and locks it.

El’s just sitting there with wide eyes,
“Look Mike, maybe I should just go home.”

“No! Stay! Come on. I’m just,” He runs a hand through his hair and groans, “This is such bullshit! She has two boyfriends, and drinks and smokes and that’s all allowed, but I can’t have some privacy with my girlfriend?!”

El just puts a hand on his shoulder and before she can say anything, the door swings open and Nancy’s standing there holding a bobby pin,

“You piece of shit! You really want me to embarrass you in front of your girlfriend?!

“You want me to embarrass you?!” Mike shouts, face red.

“Mike, stop,” El says tugging on his arm.

“No, bring it. You’re not my mom!” Mike yells.

“I’m not trying to be your fucking mom! I’m trying to protect you!”

“From what? Sex? Aren’t you the town slut? Aren’t you like a dyke one day and straight the next? If you’re so concerned about my sex life, why don’t you go ask your fucking boyfriend about the condoms he gave me?!” Mike yells out in a rush.

God Nancy can be such a bitch. She wants to be his friends when her parents are around but then acts like she’s better than him. Sure she’s going to college and sure she has a full ride, but she’s still stuck in this town just like him, she drinks and smokes and has two boyfriends! Two! And she’d dated a girl last summer and Mike kept all her secrets. And she kept his too but that didn’t matter now!

They hadn’t even had sex! Even though all his friends talked about it and- she just assumed the worst! But she could have sex with whoever she wanted? Not that he wanted to think about her that way but fuck her! He just wanted to shut his god damn door and not be treated like a kid in front of his girlfriend. Truly, that’s all he wanted.

He watches Nancy’s eyes go wide and she purses her lip together before nodding. She didn’t say anything, just quickly turned and shut the door softly. Mike relaxes back on the bed,

“Thank god. She can be such a fucking bitch sometimes,” he groans, grabbing El’s waist, “wanna restart the show?”

She stands up,
“I’m gonna go.”

Mike sits up immediately,
“What? Why?”

She shakes her head,
“That was just, too much.”

“Are you serious?”

“Look I’ll just see you tomorrow.”

Mike scrambled to stand up,
“Let me walk you out,”

She puts her hand on his arm,
“Look, I’ll just see you tomorrow.”

Mike lets her go and then flops down on the bed, confused. After awhile he hears Nancy’s shower start, and heads downstairs to play his xbox.

It’s gotta be at least a couple of hours later when Nancy comes down. She looks pretty, her hair is curled and she’s got one some makeup and a bright pink sundress that looks already good on her tan skin. She doesn’t have anything with her but a small purse and she doesn’t look up or acknowledge him at all. So he turns back to his game and she walks out the front door.

He plays until he gets hungry and he makes a frozen pizza and drinks Mountain Dew straight out of the two liter bottle. He must knock out sometime after Dustin logs off, which is around three, and he’s woken in the morning to voices attempting to be quiet.

He groans and sits up, the sun entirely too bright, to see Jonathan, Steve and Nancy, sneaking in. He wrinkles his nose,

“Nice dress. It looked better yesterday,” he says snidely , and before he can even think about what’s happening, Steve smacks him on the back of his head,

“Don’t you ever talk to her like that.”

“Hey!”

“Shut the fuck up. Now that you’re up, I think it’s time you and I had a little talk.”

Mike has never seen Steve like this before, he’s practically shaking with anger. He looks over at Jonathan and his sister and that’s when he takes time to look her up and down. Her dress is wrinkled, hair harshly pulled back from her face, face void of all makeup and eyes

swollen and puffy, even from over here. Shit. He messed up.

“Steve, lets just take a breath,” Jonathan says, “Nance, you okay to go upstairs? I’ll bring you some tea when we’re done but I think we need to-“

She nods and stretches up to whisper into Jonathan’s ear. Mike’s fists clench at what she must be saying but then when she pulls away, he sees her eyes are wet and she’s practically shaking herself. He is such a dick.

The two older boys wait until they hear Nancy’s door shut before they round on Mike.

“What the actual fuck is wrong with you?” Steve hisses.

“What’s wrong with me?! You’re the one who gave me the condoms?!”

“Yeah, to use, shit, I don’t know, in case of an emergency, not when your sister is downstairs! And I thought you were mature enough to know that. Apparently not.”

“You tried to throw Steve under the bus when he was just making sure you had a back up plan in case things went there. He wasn’t telling you to have sex.”

“Like you guys didn’t have sex at my age! Isn’t that when you called my sister a slut in front of the whole town Steve? I suppose that’s cause you guys weren’t fucking?”

Steve yanks Mike close to him by his shirt and Mike’s eyes widen,

“Steve, hey, Steve, let him go, he doesn’t know, he doesn’t know,” Jonathan says soothing, running a hand down Steve’s back. Steve releases him and Mike flies back against the other end of the couch.

“He doesn’t need to know to but call his sister a fucking dyke. What is wrong with you? Seriously?”

“Isn’t that what it’s called?” Mike spits.

Steve exhales sharply and Jonathan's hand tightens on his shoulder,
"Actually it's called bisexual or queer. Also it's 2018, the slut shaming is getting a little old."

"I'm just saying that she can't get mad at me for doing the same thing she's doing! At least I'm being honest about it! She's the one fucking picking locks with bobby pins!"

Jonathan sighs,
"Look Mike, your sister just wants the best for you and wants you to be safe. She doesn't want anything happening to you or El. She cares about you and your future so much."

Mike snorts,
"Sure she does."

Steve groans again,
"Just fucking tell him, and then maybe he'll stop being such a little shit."

Jonathan shakes his head,
"It's really not ours to tell. Look, fine. Have sex. Use the condoms Steve got you, so whatever you want. But stop disrespecting your sister, bottom line. That girl would die for you. She would go to war for you. She has lived through hell for you to have the kind of experiences you have. To have a car for you to drive, you know damn well your parents didn't get her that. She is so smart, she could go anywhere in the world to school, she could have went to fucking Stanford, and she's going two hours away in case you need her." Jonathan says.

"I, I thought, she wanted to be with you guys. She told me dad got her the car."

Steve snorts,
"As if, your dad is kind of a sexist pig if you hadn't noticed. Who cooked and cleaned all those nights you got to go out with friends? Jonathan and I fucking fixed up an old car in the garage for months so she could have one, to be able to leave when she needed to leave. Go to Indiana State for us? Jonathan got into NYU. We were all gonna go there until that incident in October-"

Mike winces. He knows the one. The only time one of his parents had ever put their hands on him. Mike had been snarking back to his dad the Way fifteen year olds do and his dad had hit him across the face. And his hand wasn't exactly open.

"She has done more for you than you will ever know, and if you send her back to us, fucking torn up like that, I will seriously beat your ass," Steve says angrily.

"Okay, he won't beat your ass but, still," Jonathan says, "she pulled over on the side of a road and had a panic attack and we had to come get her. Mike, look, when you live in Hawkins, and your identity is not, what most people consider normal, if you do anything outside of the status quo, it makes people turn against you. And when you have so many people against you, it's hard to see who you really are. And your family, those are the people who are supposed to be there for you no matter what. I know it's hard, I know sometimes you just wanna call her a bitch and tell her to go to hell, but you can't. With all the other shit she's getting, just in your fucking family," he shakes his head, "man you just can't."

Mike takes a deep breath, then covers his face with his hands,
"Fuck."

Steve threatens him again but they say they'll go run an errand and then be back, so they can talk in private. Mike knocks on Nancy's door quietly and she answers. She's changed into what is clearly one of the boy's sweatshirts and a pair of leggings, even though it's hot in the house. He shuts the door behind him and she sits cross legged on her bed. He sits across from her.

Stares at her. Her blue eyes are so red and so swollen. She looks like she'd been crying all night, and she probably had. But he can't even open his mouth to say I'm sorry. He doesn't know what to say.

"Mike do you know how much an abortion is?" She asks, staring at him.

He stares at her and she lets out a dry laugh,

"$750. Plus gas. They make you wait 18 hours after your initial

appointment to even have the procedure. And if you're under eighteen you have to, get parental consent and," she sniffles, "it sucks. The procedure itself is," she shrugs, "but after. And the people out there, and then, someone found a pregnancy test in my gym locker and that's why the whole slut thing happened. Thank god it was unused, I'd rather be a slut than a baby killer but goddamnit I don't want anyone to have to go through what I went through, and at such a young age.

"I don't want that for you or El. The guilt, wrestling with the decision, any of it. And I know you say you'd be safe, but condoms break, especially if you're trying to fuck quick while mom and dad are gone. And I know damn well El isn't asking Hopper to put her on birth control so please, just don't. Just wait. Or don't do it when I'm home! Or when I'm fucking in charge of you because I don't need mom and dad to hate me anymore, I really don't Mike."

He stares at her, trying to take everything in. His sister had an abortion. When she was his age no less. And alone. She must have been terrified. He can't imagine. He can't imagine being a father right now, but he also can't imagine not being a father, in that way. Having to actively be a participant. She was just trying to protect him. She was always trying to protect him.

When his father had hit him, he'd fallen to the floor, more from shock, less from force and she'd jumped in front of him. He'd shoved her to the side, right into the hutch, and he'd seen her in a towel a week later, her entire side almost as black as his cheek.

"Were you, alone?" He asks, voice shaking.

She shakes her head, tears falling down her face,
"No. Um, Ms.Byers was there for the initial appointment, she pretended to be my mom and, Steve was there for the procedure. It, it was something we needed to do alone together."

Mike nods and then busts out crying,
"I'm sorry. I'm sorry I'm such a dick, and I don't listen to you. And I call you a bitch, and I called you a dyke and a slut, I'm a horrible brother, I'm sorry. I'm happy you have Jonathan and Steve and you're not a weirdo and I want you to be happy and get out of this

town, I'm sorry I'm such a fuck up, don't stay here for me," He sobs.

Nancy wraps her arms around him and pulls him to her chest, petting his hair,
"Thank you for apologizing. I know you don't mean half the stupid shit you say but sometimes you take it too far. I'm just trying to protect you."

He sobs harder, trying not to slobber onto her collarbone but it's not really working,
"You don't have to. I don't deserve it. Please go to NYU. Please get out of here while you still can, I'll be okay."

She pulls him back slightly,
"They told you about that?"

He nods,
"Yeah. I don't, I'm so horrible to you, why would you want to stick around?"

She gives him a watery smile,
"Because I love you silly. You're my little brother and I'm always going to love you."

"I love you too and I want you to go."

She shakes her head ruefully,
"It's a little late for that bud,"

Mike shakes his head and wipes his nose on his shirt,

"Someone once told me that it's never too late to do what makes your heart happy."

Nancy laughs and rolls her eyes,
"Who said that? She sounds like a pretentious bitch."

"Hey, don't talk about my sister like that."

She swats at him and he catches her hand,
"I really am sorry."

“I know you are.”

“We good?”

“We’re good.”

She pulls him up to lay down next to her and they just lay there quietly, holding hands until there’s a knock on the door,
“Come in,” Nancy calls, rubbing under her eyes quickly.

Steve and Jonathan come in, carrying milkshakes and they hand them out. Nancy takes a drink of hers- strawberry and Oreo because she’s nasty and smiles at the boys,
“My hero’s. Though one day we’re gonna have to talk about you threatening my brother.”

Steve scoffs,
“No offense, but your brother’s lucky I didn’t make true on my threat after the way you were acting last night.”

Nancy sighs,
“Ugh. I know, my eyes are so swollen I look about sixty years old.”

“You look beautiful,” Jonathan says touching her ankle.

“Eating here,” Mike says, making a gagging sound.

“Shut up,” says Steve.

“Guys don’t argue. Listen, what do you guys think about revisiting the idea of NYU?”

Jonathan’s face lights up and Mike ducks down to take another sip of his milkshake so he doesn’t have to watch the three of them exchange happy kisses. They nearly spill her milkshake tackling her for a hug and over Steve’s shoulder she winks at him. He nudged her leg with his knee, she’s always protected him, but now it’s time for her to live her own life. He hears the smack of lips kissing again and he jumps off the bed,

“That’s my cue to go!”

Author's Note:

Warnings: Nancy has an abortion, mike calls Nancy a dyke, there is a mentioned instance of their dad hitting mike in the face and Nancy being pushed by him.